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OTHY FORD

# Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 4.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1836.

NUMBER 12.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,  
is PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
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From the Philadelphia Library Gazette.

JACOB GRIGSBY;  
OR, THE CROOKED DISCIPLE.

Of crooked disciples, Jacob Grigsby is the crookedest. His disposition is twisted like a ram's horn, and none can tell in what direction will be the next turn. He is an independent abstraction—one of that class, who do not seem aware that any feelings are to be consulted but their own, and would take the last bit, as if unconscious that it was consecrated to that useful divinity "manners;" lads, who always run in first when the bell rings, and cannot get their boots off when any body tumbles overboard—who when compelled to share their bed with another, lie in that engrossing posture called "catty-cornered," and, when obliged to rise early, whistle, sing, and dance, that none may enjoy the slumbers denied to them—in short, he strongly resembles that engaging species of the human kind, who think it creditable to talk loud at theatres and concerts, and to encourage songs and concertos, which nobody else wants to hear.

Grigsby was born with the idea that the world animate or inanimate, was constructed simply for his special amusement, and that if it did not answer the purpose, it was his indefensible right to declare war against the offender. When a boy, he was known as a "real limb"—of what it is unnecessary to specify.

"Why, they kicked me six or eight times; but it wasn't downright Mayor's Court assault and battery, because they had no boots on, and they didn't scratch me with their toe-nails—but it was insult with an intention to hurt—assault and battery in the second degree. Jim and Peter both at it."

"What for? I sware it was a 'rocious per-  
ceeding. But sonny, may be it was only ac-  
idental homocide; prehaps you was going down  
stairs and they was walking too quick for you;  
—loeing it along like Boston, and 'most walked  
into you. What was it for?"

"Look ye, Charley. It's most morning, and as life's very short, I hadn't time to think of how I'd dress to go to sleep; so I turned in like a trooper's horse."

"And how's that?"

"Why, all standing—parade order—winter  
uniform—full dress—a very good fashion, when  
you've been out to supper—convenient in case  
of fire, and saves you deal of trouble in the morn-  
ing, when you're late for breakfast."

"Well, I never heard tell of the likes of a  
white man. They served you right. That's  
my verdict. You'll have to appeal."

"Never heard the likes!" said Jacob com-  
temptuously; "ain't a bed a bed—a'n't my share  
of it, my share of it, and where's the law that  
lays down what sort of clothes a man must sleep  
in? I'll wear a porcupine jacket, and sleep in  
it too, if I like—yes, spurs, and a trumpet, and  
a spanner. But, come—let's bust the door—  
want vengeance."

"No you don't Susan—you've got to go to  
quod—you can't get vengeance till to-morrow;  
Perhaps they'll wrap some in a bit of paper, and  
keep it for you."

"What am I taken up for—because I was  
kicked out of bed?"

"Not quite—it's because you're not very  
compeus in your upper story. The Charleys  
have a tea-party, and I've got a pressing invitation  
for you."

"Well, if I must, I must; but I give you clearly  
to understand, I won't lie in the middle."

"But you don't intend sleeping with your hat  
on your head, do you?"

" Didn't I tell you I've got holes in my stock-  
ings. If I don't keep my hat on, I'll be sure to  
have the rheumatism in my big toe."

"Well, we won't stand it, no how it can be  
fixed."

"Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've  
no objection. I'm amazing comfortable."

"Why, thunder and fury!" said one, jerking  
up his leg, "your boots are covered with mud!

"That's a fact—you've no idea how mud-  
dy the streets are election nights. I'm all over  
mud—I wish you'd blow up the corporation.—  
But hang it, give us a sif's worth of sheet, and  
a levy's worth of blanket. That's the way I  
like 'em mixed,—some lean and a good deal of  
fat."

So saying, Jacob wound himself up in the bed  
clothes, with prodigious floundering, deauding  
his companions entirely.

They, however, declared war, and, after a  
struggle, succeeded in ejecting Grigsby from  
the house, he retaining a fragment of the sheet  
still in his possession. He battered at the door  
shouting and roaring with much vehemence.

"Why, hiloo!—what's all that I shut up  
button lip—what's the fraction?"

"I'm a Grigsby—I'm a real Bengaler—I'm  
n Calcutta right from Canton. I've had a per-  
sonal insult, and I want a little revenge."

"Bless me! poor sonny—how did they in-  
sult it?"

"Why, they kicked me six or eight times;  
but it wasn't downright Mayor's Court assault  
and battery, because they had no boots on, and  
they didn't scratch me with their toe-nails—but  
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for you."

"Well, if I must, I must; but I give you clearly  
to understand, I won't lie in the middle."

"From the Portmouth Gazette.  
Never trust to Appearances.

In the late war with Great Britain, a large  
West Indian man was taken by one of the Privi-  
leers belonging to this port, and her cargo, con-  
sisting of rum, sugar, &c. sold at Auction.—  
Run at that time was a choice article, and was  
worth from 2 1-2 to 3 1-2 dollars per gallon by  
the quantity.

On the morning of the sale, a rusty looking  
old fellow, with homespun coat and corduroy  
pantaloons, was observed on the wharf, now  
smelling at the bung holes, and anon catching  
a drop or two on the end of his tongue, as it  
trickled from a stick which he occasionally  
thrust into the cask. He excited a good deal  
of amusement by the oddity of his remarks, and  
one in the course of the night. Grigsby is  
borne down by the majority; but when it is his  
week in, he is worse than the armed rhinoceros  
or the Hyrcan tyger, so ferocious are his coun-  
tions of wrath. The present is his week in,  
and to that fact the police owe the honor of his  
acquaintance.

Late on election night, he returned home  
primed for a quarrel. He ascended the stairs  
with the energetic tread of an ox, set fire to the  
cat's tail with the candle, and poked a long time  
down Carlo's throat.

"Ha! said Jacob, as he kicked open the  
door, surveyed his sleeping bedfellows, and  
flashed the light in their eyes—"mighty com-  
fortable that, anyhow; but I'll soon spoil it, or  
I'm not a true Grigsby!"

He put out the light, and in full dress—boots,  
hat, great coat, body coat and pantaloons—muddy  
as he was, scrambled over the bed two or  
three times, until he establishes himself in the  
central station between his comrades. He rolled  
and he tossed, he kicked and he gronneed, until  
the whole concern was as wide awake as him-  
self.

"Why, Jacob, you've got your boots on,"  
said they.

"The fact is, fellows, the cold in my head is  
getting worse, and sleeping in boots draws down  
the inflammation. It's a certain cure."

37 1-2 cents a gallon.'

"My sorrows!" said old Corderoy—it will  
take a fortune to buy one them ere casks—if  
you dont sell cheaper I must pick up my duds  
and though I've threatened to put her in the  
Plenipotentiary at Millbank, if she don't keep  
sober, she only laughs, and says I'm bound to  
find her in common necessities, and gin's very  
necessary to her.

The old fellow had made several dives at the  
proof glass, and at length succeeded in getting  
it, he dropp'd it into the third cask, against  
which he was leaning, and drew forth, rather  
awkwardly, a sample. This he had, no sooner  
put to his lips, than he commenced sputtering  
like a red hot spike thrown into cold water, and  
amid a thousand contortions and wry faces spattered  
out "smoky!—smoky!—smoky as the devil!" at the same time he handed the glass to  
the company. It was a fact, this rum was  
smoky to a degree absolutely nauseating.

By this time another cask had been disposed  
of at a price a shade higher than the first, and  
the voice of the knight of the ivory hammer  
was heard above the how! haws! of old Corderoy,  
who was much pleased with the effect  
of the smoky rum on the customers, demanding  
"Who bids?"

"Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've  
no objection. I'm amazing comfortable."

"Tis ternal smoky—that's fact," said old Corderoy,  
but I suppose it'll do well enough to sulde  
country folks, I'll give you a dollar a gal-  
lon."

"One dollar is bid—no more!—going—gone.  
Who has it? What name, sir?"

"They call me J——B——.

"One cask to J——B——, at a dollar a  
gallon—

"No—no! stop friend! you dont think I'm  
such a tarnal fool as to take all this smoke with-  
out something to sweeten it, do ye? I rather  
guess I dont come often, I'll take ten casks!"

"I-i-y-e-s?"—said the Auctioneer—but with  
respect to this cask, that was not exactly the  
understanding.

"But it was the understanding"—said old Corderoy,  
who became suddenly as upright as  
handsome, and as sober as a deacon before  
breakfast,—and I will appeal to the present  
company if I have not a right to take ten casks  
according to the condition of the sale?

"The old man is right," said one.

"Fair play?" cried another.

"It is in strict conformity to the conditions of  
the sale and ten casks are fairly his," was the  
general voice.

"Caught! caught! Fairly caught!" said the  
Auctioneer. "I am not to blame. The owners are  
present—will they have the goodness to decide?"

The owners admitted the fairness of the pur-  
chase, and after offering the old man the smoky  
rum for nothing, and two or three hundred dol-  
lars to sweeten it, (as he called it) without ef-  
fect, they took the cash, about \$1000, and suf-  
ficed him to take the ten casks, worth at least  
three times that sum.

*Horsewhipping an Editor.*—When the Rev.  
Henry Bates Dudley had the management of the Morning Herald, a person, whose name  
had not been mentioned in the fashionable in-  
formation, called to know the name of the writer.

He addressed the Rev. Editor, and complained  
of having a stout cudgel, he said his intention  
was to inflict chastisement on the editor, unless  
he received the satisfaction he required. You  
shall have satisfaction, said the Doctor. Wait  
a few moments. He then went up to the press  
room, and calling the men, told them he had  
been threatened by a person in consequence of  
an article which had appeared in the paper.—

Now, continued the Doctor, you must satisfy  
him; get your blacking-balls well covered with  
ink and come to my room. They obeyed his  
instructions, followed him down stairs. Now,  
sir, said the Doctor, you may exercise your  
cudgel; these men are ready for you. Before  
the stranger could make an answer, the printers  
attacked him right and left with their balls, and  
drove him out of the office into the street. It  
is scarcely necessary to state that his person  
was as black as any printer's devil could be, and  
that he never after aspired to the honor of horse-  
whipping an editor.

*A Comfortable Couple.*—London Police.  
A thick-set operative, in the flannel jacket,  
well known in the neighborhood as a vender of  
sawdust, requested leave to ax his vership a-

ONE FOR DEMOCRATS.

Paris, November 1, 1830.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.  
FOR PRESIDENT  
MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:  
RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

For Electors.	
OXFORD	JOSEPH TOWNE
WALTON	SARLOD HOBBS
LINCOLN	DENNISON BURGESS
KENNEBEC	RUEL WILLIAMS
WALDO	SAMUEL S. HEAGAN
SOMERSET	JOHN HAMBLER
WASHINGTON	SHEPHERD CAREY
CUMBERLAND	JONATHAN SMITH
PENOBSCOT	WILLIAM THOMPSON
HANCOCK	JOHN H. JARVIS

THE ELECTION. Before we issue another paper, a majority of the States including this will have given their vote on the Presidential question. We need not at this hour urge upon our readers the importance of this election, in which are at stake all these political principles which we hold dear, and in fact the cause of civil liberty itself. The cause of democracy is inevitably onward in spite of all the obstacles which may be and are thrown in its way, by open opponents and false friends. Associated wealth and aristocratic monopolies have fought manfully and desperately against the doctrines of freedom and equality, but hitherto without the success of victory. But though defeated, they do not despair or relax their efforts. All the arts that wealth and ingenuity can devise, to resist an equal division of rights and privileges have been and will continue to be exerted, to base political power upon wealth and to diminish the rights of man. Van Buren and Johnson are the candidates of democracy and around them will rally the hopes and exertions of the common people and of those who advocate their rights. While those who would give to wealth or station, a legal sway beyond their natural power, form the discordant elements of the opposition, discordant in all but this one common principle. If any one doubts this let him enquire what other common bond of union they have. They are united by no other known political principles or measures. In the northern states we find that Mr. Webster is their favorite and that he is the true representative of their principles, which are those professed and acted upon by the old blue light federalists. In the middle and western States they call themselves republicans, and some of them even make pretensions to democracy, and therefore that they cannot and will not support Mr. Webster. In the south nullification takes the lead among the antagonist principles of democracy, and is joined by all those who hold in contempt the doctrine that the people are capable of judging of public affairs or fit to be entrusted with self-government. The fragments which form the opposition to democracy, differing in principles, measures, and their notions of the policy of government, have only the common bond of union to which we have before alluded—namely, contempt for and hatred of the people. It then behoves the people and the friends of equal rights—all those who hold the doctrine that all men are politically free and equal, to come up to the rescue and to do battle manfully in defense of their rights and principles.—It is not a mere abstraction for which we are contending, but for things in which we have a personal interest—for freedom to pursue our own welfare and happiness, restrained by no other laws than those necessary for political and social protection. If these principles are worth contending for—if we esteem them of any importance, let us vindicate them at the ballot-box on Monday next.

WHIG CALCULATIONS. It is amusing to look over the calculations of our opponents with reference to the approaching Presidential elections. Some allow Van Buren only sixty out of the two hundred and ninety-one votes. Others cannot concede to him, but about forty. If we recollect right, they are as liberal now as they were in '28 and '32, and notwithstanding these liberal calculations, as the whigs call them, in which they profess to allow all the democrats can ask, we doubt not but the people will give us all we shall want. The whigs have been celebrated for their predictions on paper before the election, but the result has so often falsified their predictions, that many at the last election foresaw political prophecy for the future, but we find that they are at it again attempting to deceive their readers by their own sanguine self-deceptions. If they themselves believe what they say they are to be pitied, if they do not they deserve contempt, for thus imposing upon the ignorant. They may however console themselves with the reflection that few will be foolish enough to be deceived by the assertions or predictions of those who have often been in error, and those who are deceived deserve pity for their folly rather than sympathy for their disappointment.

THE GREAT BEAR. We are informed that Capt. John Hayes of Greenwood, recently shot in that town a bear the quarters of which weighed, when dressed, four hundred and one pounds—whole weight 475. He sold one half of it for nine cents per pound, which was carried to Boston and there disposed of at a handsome profit. Large numbers of these animals have been killed this fall in the back towns in this country.

We were visited during several days last week with severe cold weather unusual at this season of the year. The ground was frozen to a considerable depth, and it only needed a little snow to make uncomfortable winter weather.

At the Court of County Commissioners held at this place last week the votes for County Treasurer and Register of Deeds were counted as follows, viz:

For County Treasurer, Alanson Mellen had 3477, being the whole number.

For Register of Deeds for Oxford County, Alanson Mellen had 2570, and Asa Charles one.

For Register of Deeds, Western District, Daniel Clement had 663, Asa Charles 212, and 2 scattering.

There were no returns from the towns of Andover, Bethel, Stonham, and Stow. The returns from Paris and Sumner were rejected, not being certified as the law requires.

General Harrison. General Harrison has been one of the most inveterate office-seekers in this country. From his boyhood up, he has been an applicant for office. He has succeeded but poorly with the People, for he never possessed their confidence. They have elected him but seldom. The offices he has filled, have mostly been by appointment. He was appointed Secretary of the North-Western Territory under the old Federal Governor, General St. Clair. Being a Federalist, old John Adams, during his administration of Alien and Sedition Law memory, appointed him Governor.

of Indiana Territory. Under the Federal Administration of John Q. Adams, he again succeeded in getting an appointment to office.—He was sent as Minister to Columbia—whence he was recalled for improperly interfering with the internal concerns of that Republic; with which as a Foreign Minister he had no right to meddle. He is now by appointment, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton county, an office worth nine or ten thousand dollars a year—the duties of which are performed by deputies, while he is making electioneering tours. So much for his appointments.—Now, let us see if the People have given him any great manifestations of their confidence.

In 1820 he ran for Governor of Ohio. There were three candidates—Brown, Morrow and Harrison.—Brown got 34,836—Morrow, 9,426—Harrison but 4,328—being about one in twelve. In 1822 he ran for Congress in the district composed of Hamilton and Clermont counties. He was beaten far away by Mr. Gazzay. In 1831 he ran for the State Legislature in Hamilton county—He was the hindmost of eight candidates—being distanced by a cake lawyer named Hawes, and beaten by Disney more than one thousand votes. It will thus be seen that the People have never had confidence in General Harrison, and that the offices which he has filled have been obtained from Presidents of the United States by incessant importunity.

[Richmond Enq.]

From the Bangor Republican.

FEDERAL TACTICS—SURPLUS MONEY.

"It must not escape attention, that most of the Van Buren papers in this State are openly opposed to the State's making any use of our share of the surplus revenue." \* An attempt is to be made next winter to repeal the distribution law; and if Van Buren is elected, there will be no distribution. \*

They will make a tremendous struggle to keep the money in their own hands. There is but one way to wrest it from their clutches and divide it among the people. Gen. Harrison is pledged to this course. Elect him and all is safe."

Thus discourses the Kennebec Journal, a paper printed at the Capitol of Maine, whose editor has had and will again have the honor of a seat at the Senate board among the dignitaries of the State. We mention the position occupied by this federal editor, to show that he is or should be in the secret of his party, and knows the course marked out to be pursued by the federal party in regard to the Surplus question.

And so the editor might go on repeating the humbug with which he entertains his readers from week to week; but he is mistaken if he thinks they would go down with the readers of the Age.

—\*—\*

What they say in Kentucky. The battle of the Thames was celebrated by a public dinner at Harrodsburg, (Ky.) at which an immense assemblage of citizens was present. We select the following sentiments given on the occasion:—Age.

REGULARS.

1st. The Battle of the Thames—It overthrew the British and Indian power in the North West. Let those who dealt the blows and shed their blood therein wear the honors of the day—

2d. Governor Shelby and the Kentucky officers and men who urged the pursuit of Proctor: The real heroes of the battle of the Thames.

4th. Military chieftains—all considered dangerous by the coalition except those who never did the enemy any harm.

5th. Heroes—The coalition make theirs in newspapers and political conventions—ours are made upon the field of battle.

6th. Old Tippecanoe—went out to hunt the Indians but never could find them, until they found him on their own Camping ground, half asleep—and not ready for the interview.

8th. Tecumseh—Some dispute whether Col. Johnson killed him—all acquit the commanding General of any hand in the homicide.

17th. The flags of three friendly whig competitors—blue lights and stripes of treason for the lawyer, a white shift for the Judge, and a fannel petticoat for the general.

VOLUNTEERS.

By the Rev. Jesse Head. The Politician, which will support an aspirant for the Presidency, in order to prevent an election by the people, is unworthy of the confidence of Freemen.

By Wm. T. McConnel. A black cockade for Gen. Harrison, a blue light for Daniel Webster, and a white Whig for Judge White.

By William T. Wills, Esq. Colonel Richard M. Johnson: the people's old and tried friend: honor to whom honor is due: to the man who fights and conquers the enemies of our country; not to him who on their approach packs up and proposes to burn and run.

—\*—\*

LATEST ELECTION RETURNS.

We copy below the latest returns that have come to hand. They are from the Post of Monday morning last. They are on the whole of very satisfactory character. The whigs, it is supposed, have succeeded in the present election in Ohio, but our friends appear sanguine that her electoral vote will be given to Van Buren.

The glorious democratic victories in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and our success in Georgia, are pretty fair offsets for temporary whig triumph. The opposition papers admit that the Union ticket has succeeded in Georgia by about 1000 majority.

The Election. Full returns have been received from Pennsylvania; the old Key Stone has clothed herself in a robe of light. The democrats have elected eighteen members of Congress and the federalists ten—democratic gain two. Of the eight State Senators chosen this year, the democrats have elected seven, and nearly three fourths of the State Representatives. This is what the Gazette calls being "sound for Harrison!" But the federalists are off their soundings, we can assure them, when they get into Pennsylvania.

Georgia. The success of the democratic ticket in this state, at this moment is very im-

portant, as it shows the failure of the misrepresentations of the U. S. Telegraph, N. Y. Star, Calhoun, Wise, & Co. to injure Mr. Van Buren in the estimation of the republicans of the South, upon whose prejudices they hoped to operate with great effect. Virginia, Alabama, and Louisiana will all follow the course of Georgia. The whole Congressional ticket elected

—\*—\*

From the Augusta Age.

The Journal editor (modest man!) thinks he

could, if admitted to our columns, "let in a flood

of light upon the benighted vision" of the sub-

scribers to the Age." The same kind of light,

we suppose, described by the poet—

"That leads to leveller," &c.

We doubt, though, whether they could be so

easily imposed upon as the editor seems to think.

He could hardly make them swallow his annual

falsified assertions about elections on which

his own readers have so often lost their money

and their temper, or the other statements which

he would be particularly desirous of propagating.

He could tell them, to be sure, that Harrison in this State, as the federalists admit, is composed of democrats friendly to Mr. Van Buren, while his supporters will have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature. This, we repeat, is a most important and auspicious indication from the South.

Ohio. Baldwin, the democratic candidate for Governor has probably lost his election on account of his having voted with Harrison for white slavery. So far as heard from the democrats have elected eight Congress men and the federalists nine; the democrats and federalists have gained and lost three apiece, which renders the result, thus far, so good and so good. It is believed that the democrats will have a decided majority in the Legislature, which will send Mr. Senator Ewing into sole. The State will undoubtedly choose Van Buren.

The opposition claim a much greater gain than they have obtained. The Globe has detected them in swelling their vote 3666 above their actual strength already.

South Carolina. Hugh S. Legare (Van Buren) has been elected to Congress from Charleston District by a small majority over Henry L. Pinkney, (Null.) the last member. The Union Senator and Representatives also succeeded in that District, which has heretofore gone decidedly for the Nullifiers.

—\*—\*

Ohio. The federal majority is reduced to

4377—The Globe says the House of Assembly

will stand 20 dem. to 16 fed—and the Senate

38 dem. to 34 fed.

Georgia. The Augusta Constitutionalist of the 17th, says, it is now certain that the union ticket has been elected, with the exception of Gen. Coffee. Col. Dawson will be the 9th elected. In 88 counties, the returns received for members of the legislature, show the election of 143 union men, and 110 state rights.

There are nine counties to be heard from of which gave union majorities except one.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—According to a letter in the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, Wm. K. Clowney (V.) is elected to Congress in the 5th district, by a majority of 274 votes over James Rogers, V. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The majority for democratic Congressmen, as far as ascertained, is about 10,000.

The Lynchburg Democrat shows off the candidates thus:

The whig candidates are playing a very pretentious electioneering game. Judge White is making dinner speeches in Tennessee. General Harrison is showing himself off as "great natural curiosity," at the North, "just on the eve of the election." Their ally, Frank Granger, the abolitionist, is travelling through Ohio, preaching up "White, Harrison and Granger" whigery.

To the above we add the following from the Boston Advocate:—

"Mr. Webster is in Berkshire, making speeches at the Cattle Show, Ladies' Fair and other places. If Mr. Webster, Governor Everett, and Mr. John Reed, were only democratic candidates, we should almost suspect that they had been summing round the country electioneering; but as they are Whigs, the thing is impossible! Whig candidates, you know, never electioneer for themselves."

These electioneering movements of the分裂 candidates will effect but little. Mr. Van Buren's course in avoiding all public dinners, public shows, and electioneering movements is much more commendable, and unless we mistake, will prove more acceptable to the people.

—\*—\*

A small symptom of returning reason.—The editor of that apostate print—the Ellsworth Radical—cautions his party about their abuse of the democratic candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. In his last paper he says, "We advise our political friends to say but little about Van Buren and Johnson, more especially with regard to their characters."—

We should think such advice well timed and judicious, especially as it comes from such an editor as he of the Radical. It is certainly well for them to pause after having kept up such a tirade of abuse against the private and moral characters of Van Buren and Johnson.

It is no wonder they begin, even at this late day, to have some compunctions of conscience;

but least of all did expect it from the voracious editor of the Radical. Their abuse of these distinguished statesmen is hardly a whit behind that of the Whigs.

The glorious democratic victories in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and our success in Georgia, are pretty fair offsets for temporary whig triumph. The opposition papers admit that the Union ticket has succeeded in Georgia by about 1000 majority.

The Election. Full returns have been received from Pennsylvania; the old Key Stone has clothed herself in a robe of light. The democrats have elected eighteen members of Congress and the federalists ten—democratic gain two. Of the eight State Senators chosen this year, the democrats have elected seven, and nearly three fourths of the State Representatives. This is what the Gazette calls being "sound for Harrison!" But the federalists are off their soundings, we can assure them, when they get into Pennsylvania.

Georgia. The success of the democratic ticket in this state, at this moment is very im-

portant, as it shows the failure of the misrepresentations of the U. S. Telegraph, N. Y. Star,

Calhoun, Wise, & Co. to injure Mr. Van Buren in the estimation of the republicans of the South, upon whose prejudices they hoped to operate with great effect. Virginia, Alabama,

and Louisiana will all follow the course of Georgia.

The whole Congressional ticket elected

—\*—\*

From the Augusta Age.

The Journal editor (modest man!) thinks he

could, if admitted to our columns, "let in a flood

of light upon the benighted vision" of the sub-

scribers to the Age." The same kind of light,

we suppose, described by the poet—

"That leads to leveller

**The Climax of Crime.**—The New York Sun contains an account of most extraordinary occurrence which has lately happened in the State of Kentucky, and which has produced great excitement throughout that part of the country. A youth about 17 or 18 years of age named Harvey, remarkable for his personal beauty & a certain effeminacy in his appearance and manners, dressed himself in female apparel and commenced a tour through the State as a music mistress. His hair is fair and long, and in remarkable beauty down his neck.—It is said that he would go to the most wealthy and respectable family in the neighborhood, and there get employment as a music teacher, being a first rate performer on the piano. After ingratiating himself into the favor of the family, generally, he would select the handsomest of the young ladies, if there were more than one, and manage to room with her. Passing several nights aimlessly, so as to lull suspicion completely, his diabolical scheme was then put into operation. He would first administer some powerful soporific, and during the profound slumber of his victim, accomplish his purpose. His engagements as a teacher were always short, so that he could escape quietly to a new scene, before any consequences would likely to appear, if at all. Fortunately, only two young ladies have thus far been discovered to be irretrievably ruined, among all those whose virtue he has thus outraged. Two of them are known to be *encientes*, and one of these only fifteen years of age—a beautiful creature, said to be the only child of one of the most respectable farmers in the state. Such was the excitement that prevailed, that the magistrate was obliged to put him in prison to protect him from the mob. It is yet uncertain who he is, but he is supposed, from his education, to be of a respectable family.

**Precocious Depravity.**—Last week the proprietor of a livery stable at New York having taken from his amount of cash on hand \$100 in specie, which he put in his pocket for the purchase of provender for his horses, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, in the presence of his son, a little boy of 12 or 13 years of age. At night, the young rogue, getting into his father's room, picked his pocket of the \$100, and early in the morning going to the stable, harnessed a horse to a light wagon, and set out to have a frolic and a ride. Coming across a boy who was vending penny papers, he bought out his stock, forty in number, and taking him into the wagon with him, they distributed the papers gratuitously to other boys, and then drove off to Yorkville, Harlem, and other places on the Island, eating, drinking, rioting, and spending the money as lavishly as possible. The father having put a police officer on the look out for his promising son, the officer on Saturday found and arrested him, and carried him to the police office, with only \$12 remaining of the \$100 he had stolen, where, after a hearing of the case, the magistrates sent him to the House of Refuge, as the only means of preserving him from destruction.

**ACCIDENT.**—A Mr. Briggs of Parkman had his hand horribly mangled on Tuesday the 27th ult., by the bursting of a gun that it was found necessary for it to be amputated which was accordingly done by Drs. Proctor and Stevens on the same day. The circumstances attending this accident were as follows—a number of soldiers had turned out the morning previous at 2 o'clock in accordance with a common and very usual practice, to salute their officers and drink with them, and as near as your informant can ascertain there was some very disgraceful conduct. One man, a church member, after having drunk several times, placed a very heavy charge in his gun and on discharging, it burst, but fortunately without injury to himself. Notwithstanding this however the firing went on and instead of being more cautious they became more daring till at length there arose a dispute between Lieut. Tyler and Mr. Briggs as to which of them could fire the heaviest gun.—They loaded their pieces and T. fired and burst his gun but without injury to himself; then turning to B. exclaimed “let splinter”—he did so and the consequence was as has been stated. Comment on this subject appears to be needless—I do not know as I can better describe the madness which pervaded the company than by relating the following occurrence—A man who was notorious for drinking went with them to fire &c.—when he had come to the place and saw with what impunity they used gunpowder he gave them his powder and left them declaring he could not “go it.”—It is really to be hoped that such occurrences are to be rare among us—but this may serve as a warning to all who feel inclined to go and salute their officers and “get something to drink” to stay at home.

Baptist.

**The oldest Pensioner.**—Eighty years ago, the strong hold of the North, fort William Henry, submitted to the fortune of war, and surrendered to the French under the gallant Montcalm. With Montræal at the siege was David Thompson, who lately died at Easton, N. H., aged about 100 years. He is believed to have been the last survivor of the two thousand soldiers, commanded by the brave old Col. Munroe, who so heroically withstood the repeated attacks of 11 thousand and regulars 2 thousand Indians, under the command of Montcalm, and also the government pensioner of the longest standing on the roll. The erect bearing of a soldier, which he acquired in his youthful days, and of an honest man, which he had been from earliest manhood, he maintained till the hour of his death.

There is a curious story told of his grand-

mother, Mary Houghton. At the sinking of Port Royal in Jamaica, by an earthquake she clung to the sill of her house, floated away on it, and was taken off by a vessel safe, when all but three of the inhabitants of that ill fated town perished in the ruins. Several years had elapsed after the disaster, when there came to the tavern in Dorchester, where she served as a waiting-woman, a traveller, whom she instantly recognized as her husband. He was at sea when their house was sunk, and had no tidings of her. She died in 1708, aged 105.—*Lowell Courier.*

**Express Mail.**—This mail will commence running on the 15th of November next.

Between New York and Philadelphia there will be two mails daily upon the railroads, running with the speed of the express, and carrying the entire mail matter, in consequence of which the additional postage will not be charged between these cities. The same policy will be pursued between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and farther south, as soon as the department, by the aid of the railroads or other means, can give the whole mail the same expedition as the express.

The department will endeavor to make such arrangements as will give the towns on the upper line through New Jersey the same mail facilities they now enjoy, and expects shortly to improve them.

Annexed are the regulations formed by the post master general in reference to the master to be conveyed by this mail.—*Globe.*

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, October 22d, 1836.

#### Regulations for the Express Mail.

1. No letters will be sent by this mail, except such as are written upon them the words “Express Mail.”

2. No free letters, nor letters containing money, nor letters exceeding half an ounce in weight except public despatches, nor any newspapers or pamphlets, will be sent by this mail.

3. If letters bearing a frank, or containing money, or weighing more than half an ounce, be put into post offices marked “express mail,” the postmasters will erase the words, and send them by the ordinary mail.

4. All letters and public despatches sent by this mail will be charged with treble the usual rates of postage.

5. Letters marked “express mail,” and put into post offices not on the line of the express, will be sent by that line when they reach it, and will be charged, where put in, with treble postage for the whole distance.

6. Editors of newspapers have a right to receive free by this mail, slips from all newspapers which they may now receive free by the ordinary mail, but cannot receive the slips and newspapers both. If both come to them, the postmaster will charge the newspapers with postage.

7. Slips from newspapers, and small parts of newspapers cut out, or strips specially printed by newspaper publishers, to convey the latest news foreign and domestic. But one slip can be received from the same newspaper, and in no case must it exceed in size two columns of such newspaper.

8. Newspaper slips must show on their face from what newspaper they come, and be put in the post office open, with the name of the editor or newspaper for whom designed, distinctly written upon them.

9. Postmasters will put all slips for the same place into a packet directed to that place.

General Jessup has declined a public dinner at Montgomery, Alabama. He says in his reply, declining the invitation “It is due to all that an investigation take place in the Greek campaign. I shall demand it, so far, at least, as my name has been associated with my transactions here, public or private; and for that purpose I shall proceed to the North, the moment my duties here shall be brought to a close. Until an investigation take place, and my reputation be rescued from the odium attempted to be fastened upon it, I deem it due to myself to decline all public attentions such as tendered through you.”

FROM TAMPA BAY.

The steamer Merchant, which left this port on the 28th ult., with a detachment of regulars and friendly Indians under the command of Col. Lane, for Tampa Bay, returned to our wharf again this morning.

We learn that Col. Lane, on his arrival at Tampa lost not a moment in commencing operations, but with his usual activity, dashed into the midst of the enemy at once. They were enabled to land their forces at Tampa on morning of the 30th, and having learned that a party of hostiles had burned a house near that place on the night before, Col. Lane with a party of 12 mounted men and about one hundred friendly Indians on foot set off after them.—After a very rapid march of about 12 miles, the enemy were discovered on the opposite side of Indian river. Col. Lane and his few unmounted men, who were considerably in advance of the friendly Indians, made a most vigorous and gallant charge upon the enemy, driving them down the river to a large hammock; where, from the great disparity in numbers, they deemed it prudent to await the arrival of the friendly Indians who were under the command of Major Watson, of Columbus, Ga. A brisk fire was, however kept up by Col. Lane, and the enemy held in check till the reinforcements arrived.—As soon as the friendly Indians came up a very animated fight across the river ensued, which lasted some fifteen minutes; when Major Watson ordered a charge, was himself the first to cross the river and foremost throughout the fight. The hostiles soon gave ground, though

slowly at first, and fought with desperation for a mile and a half, when the route became general. They were pursued by Col. Lane and his mounted men till night came on.

Col. Lane was much exposed during the action, and his life was at one time probably saved by a Mr. Kelly, of the regulars, who seeing an Indian taking aim at the colonel, threw himself before his officer, and received the ball in his own body.

Major Watson has been since promoted, and the colonel speaks in high terms of his conduct.

Lieut. Leonard was also conspicuous for his bravery, having had his horse shot from under him.

The loss of the whites was only two wounded. The enemy's loss is not known, as night came on and prevented an examination.

The number of the enemy could not be accurately ascertained, though estimated at from one to two hundred.

Soon after this affair, a diplomatic corps was sent out, and until their return, operations will cease.

Important Intelligence from Portugal and Spain. By the Empress, Capt. Townsend, which arrived here yesterday, in 28 days from Malaga to every man's door.” That object has been accomplished; we have given to books wings, and they have flown to the uttermost parts of our vast continent carrying society to the secluded, occupation to the literary, information to all. We now propose still further to make good reading cheaper, and to bring literature to every man's door.

“To make good reading cheaper, and to bring literature to every man's door.” That object has been accomplished; we have given to books wings, and they have flown to the uttermost parts of our vast continent carrying society to the secluded, occupation to the literary, information to all. We now propose still further to make good reading cheaper, and to bring literature to every man's door.

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**BRANDY AND WATER!** Brandy and water was Guzzle's delight—the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night. He would rise in the morning—or very often nearer the afternoon—quite fatigued with his overnight's debauch. "Mary," said he "bring me a glass of brandy!" He would then dress for breakfast, but his better was unsipped and unsipped, unless its flavor was heightened with—"A glass of brandy, Mary!" After breakfast he would lounge about for an hour, and at last make his mind up to go, take a walk; but to sojourn his stomach against the keen air, he must take "a glass of brandy and water, Mary!" He would at last return home in time for dinner, having taken most especial care previously while out, to gratify his appetite with sundry potations of brandy and water. But, alas, the dinner had no charms for him, unless his appetite was wetted with—"a glass of brandy, Mary!" The dinner he partook of but sparingly, and which was generally set at rest with—"a glass of brandy, Mary!" The cloth being removed, he sat drinking brandy and water till the approach of evening gave notice of the usual time of meeting at his favorite tavern, a host of *bon vivants*, with whom he constantly took his favorite beverage—brandy and water.—"Waiter! brandy and water, you rascal! brandy and water! I could swim in brandy and water! Waiter, I say! you dog, brandy and water! Gentlemen, I'll give you 'The Constitution'! may it last forever!"—Bravo, bravo! Brandy and warner! Waiter, brandy warner!—brandy warner! That's your sort, you rascal! brandy and warner forever!" Thus would he fall from his chair in a complete state of exhaustion; his friend little better than himself, would help him into a hackney-coach.—"Where shall I drive you to, your honor?"—"Brandy and warner!" "Brandy and water! what's he mean? What a state he's in! If I leave him here he'll die for—" "Brandy warner, you dog?" "Perhaps, if I take him home, after all my trouble I shall get nothing but—" "Brandy warner, you scoundrel!" "Oh, here's his card! Let me see—I'll take him home, however, and chance it!" Thus did Mr. Guzzle usually return home; and it would have taken more than the power of man to dispel from his mind the phantom that haunted him—brandy and water! At last, as might be expected, he was taken dangerously ill, and the doctor was sent for. Snell-cane came—saw his constitution was sinking under habitual inebriety. "Mr. Guzzle," said he, "you are in a dangerous state; but as it is, I have a prospect of curing you, but you must leave off—" "Brandy and water!" "Ay, there it is; that vile brandy and water has been your ruin, and unless you leave it off, I can hold you out no hopes of recovery. Now I'll go home, and mix you up some—" "Brandy and water, doctor!" "No, sir; pills, draughts, powders, and lotions, instead of brandy and water!" The doctor sent him his medicine, and went afterwards to see how they had operated: but, alas, he found them all untouched, and Mr. Guzzle at his usual beverage—brandy and water.—"Mr. Guzzle, how can you think of killing yourself in this way? You must leave off this horrible brandy and water, or you are lost forever. I can give no hope of cure, unless you follow my directions." He persisted, in spite of entreaties—poor Mr. Guzzle died, and the last words that were heard from his trembling lips were—"Brandy and water!" the ruling passion strong in death! "Oh, that a man should put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his brains!"

#### APPRENTICES.

How extremely difficult it has in all ages been found, to convince the Apprentice that his own interests and prosperity are advanced exactly in proportion to the degree of faithfulness with which he discharges his duties to his employer, and the exertion he makes to promote his master's interests. This arises in a measure, from the proneness of young men to take thought only for the present. They do not generally give themselves the least anxiety about the future, and seem to forget that they too may at some period not far distant, become master and employers, and called upon to occupy responsible stations in society.

We have often been pained to witness the want, of respect manifested by apprentices for their employers, and the degree of indifference and neglect shown by the former towards the interests of the latter. Indeed so extensive has been the mischief arising from this ruinous and mischievous course of apprentices, that the question is already agitated among employers whether the trouble & perplexity of boys at the present, day, do not overbalance all the value of their services.

These things ought not so to be, and it need not be thus. Let our young friend reflect on what we have said, and each ask himself if all and more is not true; and let him resolve at once that it shall be no longer true of him.—We beseech you, be faithful and respectful to those under whose charge and guardianship you have been placed, for by so doing you will not only secure the confidence and respect of all around you, but it will prepare you for a course of faithfulness to yourselves in after life, and place within your reach, important advantages when you come to act for yourself.

Norwich Advertiser.

**IMPROVE YOUR EVENINGS.** As the season of long evenings is near at hand, we feel anxious to impress upon the minds of our young friends, the importance of spending them in some appropriate and useful manner. Such are the facilities for the dissemination of knowledge of the present day, that every individual can have access to the best books and newspapers.—Depend upon it, you will never have occasion to regret such a use of your leisure hours.—

You will not only in this way, sow the seeds of usefulness and enjoyment in after life, but you will derive immediate benefit and gratification, and secure the respect and confidence of all around you. If you have but one hour to yourselves each day, learn to improve that hour to the very best advantage. You can, most of you contribute something of value to the columns of this paper, for if your reading is attended to, and if you give your minds to reflection and profitable speculation, you will soon find it an easy matter to write.

To those who feel interested in the effort now making to increase their leisure time, we would say, be sure and improve what little leisure you now have, or it will be in vain to hope for success.—[Mec. Adv.]

**A CASE AND A CURE.** A son of nine three or four years old, while at play, fell backward into a large keg of very strong lye. He lay alone, crawled out, and got into a trough of water that stood under the eves of the house; but this experiment of his did not succeed, for the first knew of it, the child came into the house screaming and jumping as though standing on coals of fire; nor could he have patience to tell the master. But seeing his clothes wet, I took hold of him, and happening to touch my fingers to my mouth, I tasted the lye, and told my wife to get some strong vinegar, while I stripped off his clothes. The skin had assumed the appearance of blistering. I washed him well with the vinegar, then greased him with sweet cream, and not a blister filled. The child was well and at play in about half an hour.—[West Ch. Adv.]

**Difference between Speculation and Practice.**—While the French are deluging their capital with their mathematical theories, on the subject of Railroads, the Americans are successfully practicing even more than all transatlantic theories, and outstripping the imaginations of speculating Frenchmen. This is characteristic of the two people. Whilst our gallant friends are dreaming, the Yankees are wide awake and at work. Look at the vast extent of railroad which has been begun and actually completed since the French have been talking about one from their capitol.

We are a go-ahead people and now moving like the wind, in various ways across our wide country, and yet the French still plod along in their clumsy, uncouth diligences. All this difference would have been observable on the "vasty deep" had the nations "come to the scratch." Whilst the over-the-pond folks there were blowing up bubbles to ascertain the course of the wind, the Yankees would have blown them out of the water. There are no ways about it—our folks are an up-and-doing sort, and it takes a pretty smart chop to keep his eye on them. As Uncle Jonathan says, "there is no use in making a fuss about it, it is so, and you can't help it."—N. Y. Sun.

**Religion.**—The light of religion is not thin of the moon, light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of a stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun, whose warmth indeed swells and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master's eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to others.—Coleridge.

A writer in the People's Press gives an account of a remarkable escape from a bear, by a boy in Bradford. He was sent after the cows, with directions to keep near them for protection—when passing through the woods, he discovered a large bear making towards him—he immediately jumped astride of one of the cows, and, holding on by the horns, was carried safely home, in spite of the efforts of the bear, who followed and endeavoured to pull him from his seat, and would probably have succeeded but for the attacks of the other cattle in company who seized such opportunities to pay their respects to Bruin.—East Argus.

The Pennsylvania Register tries to excite sympathy for Gen. Harrison, because he is poor, and ridicules Mr. Van Buren for growing rich on his salary. There is one good thing in Mr. Van Buren, rich or poor, he never owned a dollar of Bank stock. But it so happens, that Mr. Van Buren's salary is but \$6000 per year, as Vice President, living at Washington; while Gen. Harrison, as Clerk of the County Court, has long enjoyed an income of about \$5000, and lives in a country where pork is three cents a pound, and ninepence buys a turkey. If he is poor, he must have been extravagant and dissipated.—Boston Advocate.

Mrs. B.—is constantly extolling her infant prodigy of wit, as she was pleased to call a pert lad of eight. The other night she gave a large party, and of course young master was called to show off his accomplishments. After various demonstrations of his superior shrewdness, the doting mother asked him if he could not favor them with a conundrum. "Yes, ma,"—was the rejoinder: "Why are you like a lemon?"

"I don't know, my dear," she replied, at the same time glancing her eye among her guests to secure attention to what was passing; "Why am I?" "D'y'e give it up?" Because Tom squeezes you so hard?" The ladies blushed—the gentlemen looked grave, papa scowled, mamma was confounded, and the prodigy was exiled from the parlor to expiate a fault he was utterly unconscious of.

**A GOOD YIELD.**—Mr. Ebenezer Robbins of Newbury, raised this season, a bushel of superior potatoes, from the cuttings of one potato.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Hiram Hubbard, Executor of the last will and testament of Russell Hubbard, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owned at the time of his death by the sum of eight thousand dollars and four hundred cents, and, paying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.**

**Ordered,** That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Democrat*, printed at Paris in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Frysburg in said county on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Benjamin Fifield, Executor of the last will and testament of John H. Frye, late of Frysburg, in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owned at the time of his death by the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars and paying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.**

**Ordered,**

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Democrat*, printed at Paris in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Frysburg in said county on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Josiah Duthie, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Pike, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, representing that the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, and fifteen cents, and, paying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.**

**Ordered,**

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Democrat*, printed at Paris in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Josiah Duthie, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Pike, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, representing that the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars, and fifteen cents, and, paying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.**

**Ordered,**

That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Oxford Democrat*, printed at Paris in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Anna Sturtevant, widow, Executrix in certain cases, and attorney, pertaining to the last will and testament of Earl P. Sturtevant, late of Summer, in said county, deceased, having presented the same to the court.**

**Ordered,**

That the said Anna give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Democrat* printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, admitted, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Earing Willis, Guardian of Lucia W. Greenwood and Jane F. Greenwood, minor children of Verne Greenwood and Peter in said County, deceased, having presented his third account of guardianship of the estate of said minors,**

**Ordered,** That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested in the said Estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Democrat* printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—Joseph G. Cole, Register.

**At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-six**

**On the petition of Elijah Bisbee, late of Summer in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the court.**

**Ordered,**

That he be duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

Elijah Bisbee.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest—William H. Drake.

SUMMER, Oct. 18, 1836.

WILLIAM H. DRAKE.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

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